

THE CHILD'S NEWSPAPER.

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No. 2.

THE CHILD'S NEWSPAPER is edited by Rev. THOMAS BRAINERD, assisted by Rev. P. P. AYDELOTTE, under the supervision of a Committee appointed by the Cincinnati Sunday School Union. The following gentlemen compose this Committee: viz. W. S. Ridgely, M. D., of the Presbyterian Church; Mr. Jeremiah Butler, of the Episcopal Church; Mr. William Bond, of the Baptist Church; and Mr. Joseph Hudson, of the Protestant Methodist Church.

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THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

I always like to stand, and look upon a School-house; not because it is any higher, or longer, or broader, or handsomer than any other house, but because I remember the many pleasant days I have spent at school. Oh! what fine times we had, when we reached the School-house before the master or mistress. What running, and hopping, and jumping, we carried on until the teacher came in sight. And then too, how pleasant after studying an hour and a half, to go out and play ten or fifteen minutes, at *'I Spy,'* and *'Tag,'* and *'Cat,'* and then come in, glad to sit down and rest on the seat, which was so hard before. But noon was the principal time. We lived in the country, so we "carried our dinners," and had the whole hour to play. We seldom destroyed birds' nests, or chased geese or lambs, because our teacher said this was wicked; nor did we ramble much through the cultivated fields, lest we should injure the grain and hay; nor did we dare to steal apples, or peaches, or cherries from the orchards, or melons or currants from the gardens; but we made a hundred dams in the brooks, and then waded in them, while our sisters plucked flowers by the banks, and reproved us for getting our clothes wet;—we pulled up abundance of stones to find *Lobsters;* and turned over logs to catch mice;—we climbed high trees to show our skill and courage, and to see a great distance, and also to cut whips, and get beechnuts and wild cherries;—we made fences and built houses, where our sisters put up their crockery-ware—dug wells and canals, and carried water in our dinner pails to fill them;—we hunted

humble bees' nests for their honey, and broke up hornets' nests, because their inhabitants were cross, and would sting;—we kept school among ourselves, and made speeches about the Revolution and sang hymns, which our mothers had taught us. In winter we played *"Fox,"* and rolled snow-balls, and skated on the ice, and wrote letters on the snow.

How short was the hour spent in play!—It was generally a happy hour, but sometimes, "shame on us," we quarrelled, or did mischief, and then we had a guilty conscience, and were afraid our parents or teacher would know it, and this made us unhappy. I now look back with pleasure upon my innocent and harmless plays; but when I think how often I became angry with my playfellows, and wished them evil, I feel pained. O! what a pity it is, that the joys of childhood, should so often be interrupted by sinful tempers and selfish feelings. In the next paper I will tell you more about the *School-house.*

DEATH OF ADDISON MASON.

[Concluded from our last.]

Mr. Phelps, our minister, called to see him, and asked him if he was willing to die. He said "he was." Mr. P. asked him why he was? He said, "because he wanted to be with God." During the day his mother asked him again if he was willing to die. He said "yes." She asked him why. He said "because he wanted to do just as God wanted him to,—he wanted to be in God's hands." His mother put the question in this way,—*"Had you rather get well and stay with father, and mother, and sisters, or die?"* He said he had "rather die." She then asked him why he had rather die, and he then gave the answer as related above.—Wednesday I asked him if he was willing to die. He said "yes." I asked him if he was willing to get well. He said "yes." I said to him "God makes you sick, and lets you suffer all this pain, are you willing to live so sick and suffer so much, a great many days longer, if God thinks best?" He said "yes." "But if God makes you suffer so much, are you willing to give yourself to God?"—He answered "yes." Wednesday about 12 o'clock, we thought he was dying; he could but just speak. I said to him, "My son, I don't want you to speak, but now is the time for you to give yourself to Jesus Christ, and if you do give yourself to Jesus Christ, I want you to raise your hand." He immediately raised it to his head.

Thus you see, dear Brother, that God has given us great comfort under our afflictions. Nature feels, Oh, how she feels the loss; but faith, weak, and feeble as it is, looks up and says "It is well."

And if I know my own heart, I do rejoice that God reigneth, that he governs, in all things, after the counsel of his own will. He had a specific object in sending the little boy into the world. He placed him where that object has been accomplished, and has now taken him back. And it may safely be said of a child like him, "he has finished the work which God gave him to do." And now we may let our faith behold him, with his little brother and cousins, surrounding the throne of God, with glorified spirits, giving praise and thanksgiving to Him who sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever.

Yours,

B. M.

From the *Sunday School Journal.*

THE BLACK MAN WHO WAS HUNG.

Wethersfield, Conn., Oct. 16, 1833.

My Dear young Friends,—Did you get the letter which I wrote to you last month? In that letter I said if I wrote to you again, I would tell you more about the black man whom I saw hung.—Now I will do so. This man's name was Caesar. An hour before he was hung I went to his cell. I wish you had been with me, to have seen and heard what I saw and heard. If you had, perhaps you would think more about your souls than you do, and be more afraid to sin than you are. What I saw and heard is still fresh in my mind, but words will not let you know how it made me feel. When I went into his cell, Caesar was kneeling down at prayer. His face was turned to the wall, and his forehead rested against the cold bricks. I had never heard him pray before. I had often spoken to him about praying, but he used to tell me it was "not in him to pray." Often in the twilight of evening I had been to his cell. All was silent—he was alone. Time and place were suited to seriousness. There I used to tell him of the Saviour's goodness and love, and urge him to pray. But he would not. He used to confess it was in his heart to sin, but not to pray. But now, as he stood on the last inch of time, he could pray.—The tones of his voice were as if his heart was ready to break. He feared that he was not fit to go into the presence of God. He prayed for pardon. I hope his prayer was answered. I could not help weeping to hear him. I tried in silence to unite my prayer with his. When he rose he turned round and took hold of my hand. He wept. Irons, called handcuffs, were fastened round his wrists, which kept his hands close together. I spoke to him a few moments about the way to be saved. Then an officer came, and he was led to the gallows. A moment before he was launched into eternity, he turned to the white man who was just about to be hung, a few feet from his side, took hold of his hand, and bid him a final farewell, as if he did not think that they were both going into the same world of spirits together. The scene which followed, gave so much pain to my soul, that I doubt whether it would be best to tell you about it; so I will talk with you about something else.

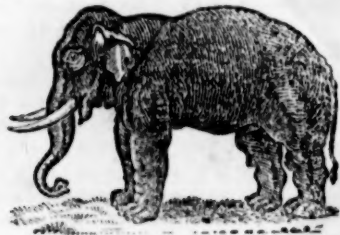
Caesar had a wicked heart. His wicked heart kept him from praying. It led him to tell lies, curse, swear, break the Sabbath, steal, and do all manner of wickedness. God in the Bible says he shall punish sinners for such wicked conduct.—Hence Caesar would not believe the Bible, and used to ask me "who knew that the soul would

live longer than the body, to be punished, or that there was any God?" Now, does any one wonder that Caesar came to the end which he did? You too, though young, have wicked hearts; as wicked, some of you I doubt not, as Caesar's was, when he was of your age. It is very dangerous to carry about such a heart. I charge you to go alone, before you sleep, and raise your thoughts to your Father in heaven, and pray sincerely—"Create in me a clean heart, O God." Go, and you will not be sorry that you went. Caesar used to disobey the Bible. He was very sorry for it afterwards. The last time but one that I saw him in his cell, he raised his Bible, and with tears streaming from both his eyes, said—"If I had only obeyed this book, I should never have come to this." Let me entreat you, my dear young friends, never neglect to do any thing which you are told to do in the Bible. Both Caesar and the one who sinned and suffered with him, used to make many excuses for the sins which they had committed against God.

G. BARRETT,

Chaplain of the Connecticut State Prison.

CINCINNATI, JANUARY 21, 1834.



THE ELEPHANT.

The Elephant is from eight to ten feet high. In form, he resembles a hog. His eyes are small, but his ears are very long and broad. He has two large ivory tusks, and a trunk at the end of his nose, four or five feet long, which he uses as a hand to convey victuals to his mouth. On each foot he has five toes. His colour is generally brown. In warm countries, his hide or skin is generally without hair, except a little scattering about the ears. The good Bishop Heber, in his account of a journey in Asia, says he saw among the mountains, a species of Elephants, that were very small, not larger than a cow, and covered all over with soft shaggy hair like that upon a spaniel dog. We had never before heard of this kind of Elephants. It shows the goodness of Providence in giving those Elephants, which live in a cold country, a warm coat.

Elephants eat the branches of trees, which they tear down with their trunks or arms. They also eat roots, herbs, leaves, and sometimes grain and fruit. Flesh and fish they will not eat.

The young Elephant grows thirty years. It sucks with its trunk. The dam carries it over rivers with her trunk.

The Elephant is easily tamed, and becomes very gentle and docile. He will lie down at the command of his master to receive a load. One writer tells a story of an elephant whose trunk had been wounded, so that the animal could no longer defend itself or procure food. In this pitiable condition, how do you think it lived? I will tell you. Another elephant came to the aid of his brother, went and procured victuals and drink, and brought it with his trunk and put it into the mouth of his suffering comrade. What a reproof does the example of this dumb animal give to those selfish men and women who can sit down to their richly furnished tables, and leave a poor, suffering neighbour to starve!!

A great many other interesting stories are told of the Elephant, but I must omit them, lest I should weary the patience of my young friends.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

We are very grateful to those benevolent individuals who have interested themselves in circulating the Child's Newspaper. One gentleman, unsolicited, obtained fifteen subscribers, and another procured fourteen. It is an expensive under-

king. We can derive no profit from it. Will all who love the rising generation of the "Great Western Valley," share with us in this labor of love, by sending communications, or procuring subscribers? Cannot each Sabbath school in the West, raise at least ten dollars for fifteen copies? Will not each pastor consider the *Child's Newspaper*, as a useful auxiliary in feeding the "Lambs" of the Saviour's fold? May we not hope that every faithful minister of the gospel will volunteer as an agent in circulating this paper among the children of his congregation?

ANOTHER NEW-YEAR'S LETTER.

We gave our young friends a New-year's Address in our first paper, but we thought they would like also to read a letter, which was sent to each of the scholars in *Christ Church Sunday School*, Cincinnati, on New-year's day. So here it is.

CHRIST CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL,
January 1, 1834.

My Dear Child,—Another year has passed away, and we are a year nearer eternity, than we were on last new-year's day. How rapidly the time has flown! Does it not seem to have been short to you? Now pause and look back and see, what you have been doing the year past. Ask yourself the following questions: Have I improved my precious time as I ought to have done? Have I loved the Lord Jesus Christ, and have I showed my love to him by keeping his commandments? Have I been regular and attentive to my sabbath school; and has it been my desire that the instruction there received might be blessed to my eternal good? Have I attended meeting every Sunday, and when there, have I been attentive to the preacher? Have I tried to profit by the preaching of the gospel? Have I been kind to all about me? Obedient to my parents? Have I in all things tried to imitate my blessed Savior in doing good to all about me; and has it been my daily desire that I might be more like him? Have I prayed that God would, by his Spirit, change my heart, and make me to love him more than all things beside? Have I acknowledged the goodness of God in his daily mercies: or have I been unmindful of him—forgetful of his goodness? Have the trials and afflictions I have met with, made me see that I am a poor, sinful, helpless creature; and have I been brought to cast all my care upon the Lord, who careth for me? These are solemn questions. Pray that you may be able to answer them aright. A few more years will find us all in eternity. We know not what God designs this year. On next new-year's day, should this school assemble, some now present will not be here. In God's providence, it is highly probable, that some of you will be in eternity. The last year, four of our scholars have died. They did not think they should die so soon: they thought as you now think, that they should live many years. But God otherwise ordered; and they are in eternity. As we are now beginning a new year, I pray God that it may be to you a happy new year! If you are the friend of God, you will be happy: if his enemy, you cannot be happy. God loves those that love him; and he has promised that all things shall work together for their good. Then should God call you away by death, you will be happy in having the Judge, Jesus Christ, for your friend. He will take you to himself, and you will be for ever happy with him in heaven. May God make you his own child! and may he make you happy here, and happy hereafter, for Jesus Christ's sake.

Yours, affectionately,

THE SUPERINTENDENT.

A FATHER'S LECTURES.—NO. 1.

My Dear Children,—God made all things, and that shows his power. He made all things just suited to the state in which they were to live, and move; and that shows his wisdom and goodness. And yet children, and sometimes, I am sorry to say, older persons, are apt to find fault with some of God's creatures, and think that they might have been formed better. But this is very foolish and wicked too. For only ask yourselves—which is most likely, that the great God who is all powerful, wise, and good, should fail of accomplishing his designs, or that you should be ignorant of his designs? Certainly, the smallest child can answer this question. Each one of you will say, "The Lord must do all things well, but I know very little." Whenever, therefore, my dear children, you feel disposed to

find fault with an animal, a plant, an insect, or a shell, think for a moment—who made it, and whether you understand all about it—how its different parts are formed and joined together, what are their uses, and for what state God intended it. This would certainly tend to silence every complaint; it would humble us under a sense of our ignorance, while we should praise him for so much which we can see that is wise and good in his works.

Only one other thing I wish you always to remember, and that is—the folly and sin of all fault-finders will be one day exposed to their shame, as we advance in the knowledge of God's works. One instance of this, I will now relate to you. It is taken from a book just published; and let me ask you to pay particular attention to the last part of the account,—it is very beautiful.

"Modern travellers express their pity for these animals (the *Tardigrade*, that is, slow-moving animals:) whilst other quadrupeds, (four footed animals,) they say, range in boundless wilds, the Sloth hangs suspended by his strong arms—a poor, ill-formed creature, deficient as well as deformed, his hind legs too short, and his hair like withered grass; his looks, motions, and cries conspire to excite pity; and, as if this were not enough, they say that his moaning makes the tiger relent and turn away. This is not a true picture: the sloth cannot walk like quadrupeds, but he stretches out his strong arms,—and if he can hook on his claws to the inequalities of the ground, he drags himself along. This is the condition which authorizes such an expression as 'the bungled and faulty composition of the sloth.' But when he reaches the branch or the rough bark of a tree, his progress is rapid; he climbs hand over head, along the branches till they touch, and thus from bough to bough, and from tree to tree; he is most alive in the storm, and when the wind blows, and the trees stoop, and the branches wave and meet, he is then upon the march."—(Sir Charles Bell on the Hand.)

B. P. A.

THE DISOBEDIENT BOY.

In Granville, in the State of Ohio, a little boy came up to his mother one evening, and asked her permission to ride some of the horses at a tavern near by, to water next morning. The mother was very willing that her little boy should enjoy any innocent pleasure, but she knew he was not accustomed to ride, therefore she could not grant his request. He went to bed, and the next morning, he arose before his parents were up, and very wickedly ran to the tavern to ride the horses. But he soon found cause to be sorry for his disobedience; for one of the horses stumbled, and threw him off, and broke his arm. Then he had to endure the pain of having it set, and for many weeks, he was obliged to stay in the house, with his arm done up in a sling. His fate should be a warning to all children who disobey their parents.

BAD BOYS.

When our little boy, who folds up the *Child's Newspaper*, for subscribers, was bringing them from the place where they are printed, he met several other boys, who desired him to give them some of the papers. He told them they were not his, and therefore he could not give them away. "O!" said they, "give us some, and you can say that you lost them." Our little boy wished his friends to have some papers, but he knew it was very wicked to tell what was not true, even to oblige his friends; so he refused to let them have any. His conscience will always tell him that he did right; but we shall expect to see those other boys come to some bad end. To tempt others to do evil, is just as wicked as to do evil ourselves.

WHO SHALL READ "THE CHILD'S NEWSPAPER" FIRST?

About two weeks ago, when visiting in a friend's family, near Cincinnati, we saw that the *Child's Newspaper* which we sent them, had been torn. Inquiring how it happened, we learned from the mother, that the children had torn it, in contending who should read it first.

Now, this was wrong. We should be very sorry to have children become angry and quarrel about our paper. To prevent this, we propose, that the *oldest* Sunday School scholar in the family, shall have it first, and then, the next oldest, and so on, down to the youngest that can read. Is not this fair?

BITS OF NEWS.

Sudden Death.—In Clay county, N. Y., two young ladies lately went to bed in perfect health, and were found dead by their parents next morning. Their death was caused by having a charcoal fire in the tight room where they slept. This may be a mystery to children, but we will explain it hereafter.

Shooting Stars.—The beautiful appearance of shooting stars, which the early risers among our young friends saw on the 13th of November, was seen all over the United States, and also at Jamaica, in the West Indies, and in Canada. Such signs in the Heavens "declare the glory of God."

All must die.—Four thousand persons have died of Consumption, in the city of Boston, Mass., within twenty years. Fifteen thousand are said to have died in New Orleans of Cholera and Yellow Fever, within less than two years. In Cincinnati, nearly or quite one thousand have died of Cholera within the same time. It is said that in the whole world sixty persons die every minute, or three thousand six hundred an hour. Our turn will come soon. Let us be prepared.

Lead.—Seven million nine hundred and fifty one thousand pounds of lead were made in the United States. Lead Mines the last year. We hope it will be made into type, to print books and newspapers, or put to some other good use, rather than made up into bullets to kill men with in war.

Ships.—The United States have forty seven ships of war, on board which are five thousand and eleven sailors. We hope they will never be called upon to fight.

Newspapers.—The first newspaper in the United States, was published in Boston in 1704, one hundred and thirty years ago. Now there are probably about twelve hundred different newspapers published in the United States, among which our young friends will be sure to reckon *The Child's Newspaper*.

Boys Drowned.—A few days ago six boys, went out to skate on the ice near New York city. One fell through the ice. The others ran to help him, but the ice broke and they also fell in. A noble spirited negro boy heard their cries, and ran to the place. All were sunk, but he reached one and helped him out. In reaching after the others he was pulled in, and perished with them. Generous fellow; he lost his life in efforts to save the lives of others. If we knew his name we would publish it far and wide. He better deserves a statue than kings, who have become great, by making war upon their fellow men.

The fate of these skaters should make our young friends careful in venturing upon weak ice and should admonish them to be prepared to die.

Sunday Schools.—Mr. Robert Raikes, set up the first Sunday School in Gloucester, Old England, about fifty three years ago. At the present time there are probably two millions of Sunday School Scholars. Oh! that there were ten times as many!

Deaf and dumb persons.—The number of deaf and dumb persons in England is twelve thousand, in France sixteen thousand, in Austria, twenty seven thousand. We have known many deaf and dumb persons who could read and write, but still they felt the loss of hearing and speech. If our young readers have a pair of quick ears and a ready tongue, they should make a good use of them. Zeno said that God gave men two ears and one tongue, that they might hear much and talk little. Will you think of this?

Steam Boats lost.—It is stated in the papers that more than sixty steam boats have been destroyed, by accident or carelessness, in the United States, the last year. Each boat costs several thousand dollars, and the worth of the whole is immense. Officers of steamboats should be careful not to trifle with the property and lives of others, by steam-boat racing, &c.; and passengers on board of steam-boats should always have their peace made with God, so that they can cheerfully meet death at any moment.

A man found dead.—Last Friday week, we saw a man lying dead in the market-house, in Cincinnati. He was poorly dressed and showed every mark of having been a drunkard. Miserable man! After having given up his property, health, reputation and friends, for strong drink, he at last in a fit of drunkenness, perished, with none to show him pity or friendship. Once he was a sprightly boy, and thought he should be respectable and happy, when he became a man; but whiskey and rum ruined him forever. A great many other little boys, (and girls too) will be likely to share his fate, unless they resolve not to touch a drop of strong drink. A company of little boys and girls, in one of the southern states, have signed their names to the following resolution, and I believe kept it.

"We little boys and girls
Do not think
We'll ever drink,
Whiskey or rum,
Or any thing else,
That will make drunk come."

THE CHILD'S NEWSPAPER, has found favor with the Public.

A good number of subscribers have sent in their names.—Some believe the price too high. The publishers think it can be afforded no cheaper. They can receive no profit from it, and only desire to secure themselves from loss. If their subscription list should become large enough to warrant it, they will reduce the price, or issue the paper weekly.

A little boy seven years old, writes—"Mr. Brainerd, I am much pleased with your paper, and send you a dollar to pay for it." A merchant on Main street, Cincinnati, writes—"When I went to dinner to-day, I was handed the Child's Newspaper, by my little daughter, who had been greedily devouring its contents. I am so much pleased with it that I hasten to send my name."

A gentleman of Wheeling, Virginia, writes—"My little daughter says she will save two cents a week to pay you for the *Child's Newspaper*."

Our brother editors have spoken kindly of the work, without exception. We give some of their expressions:

"The *Child's Newspaper*" is handsomely printed, well edited, and we have no doubt will be an interesting paper to children.—*Baptist Weekly Jour.*

"The *Child's Newspaper*" is embellished with a wood-cut view of Cincinnati at the quay, and is altogether very neatly got up. It commences with an affectionate and appropriate "Address to all children and youth west of the Alleghany mountains," by the chief editor. May the work do all the good which the editors may desire.—*Cin. Chron.*

"The *Child's Newspaper*" well deserves encouragement; as in no other channel is it more important to direct sound information than to the minds of rising youth.—*Hillsborough Gazette.*

"The *Child's Newspaper*" is printed on half a sheet quarto form, very neatly executed. The specimen number which we have received, gives promise of a useful and interesting publication.—*Gambier Observer.*

The *Child's Newspaper* is filled with useful and interesting articles, original and selected, well adapted to the capacities of children. Believing that it is calculated to do good among the rising generation, we heartily recommend it to the patronage of parents generally.—*Ohio State Jour.*

We hope that this juvenile periodical, (the *Child's Newspaper*), under the care of its reverend conductors, will be rendered a successful auxiliary in the education of our Western Youth. It is the wish of its conductors and publishers to render it as beneficial to the rising generation as they can. They wish to render it, by the Divine blessing upon it, an instrument of mental improvement, a prompter to virtuous action, and a guide to piety and to heaven. If adequate encouragement be afforded, so as to enable them to bestow the requisite time and pains upon it, we think that the desired results will follow. We hope that their project will meet with due encouragement from teachers and parents, and that the Lord may direct them, and bless them in this really important undertaking.—*Cincinnati Standard.*

For the *Child's Newspaper*.

THE YOUNG CONVERT.

Extract of a Letter from Elizabeth (aged 15 years) to her brother, Henry. SARATOGA SPRINGS.

Dear Brother,—It is with pleasure and gratification that I set apart a few moments this afternoon to converse with you. My dear Brother, many a time I have commenced letters to send you, and flung them away before I got half done, as I knew that the subject of religion would be the one that you

would prefer me to write upon; but I was a stranger to hope, and a stranger to the character of God, and therefore have delayed writing; but I trust I have that now which "the world can neither give nor take away." But still I may be deceived; the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. I think I can now say, "I love the things which I once hated, and hate the things I once loved," and am lost in admiration and wonder, when I reflect upon the dealings of God with me; and when I meet with my friends who are not of the Ark of safety, and in nature's darkness, I am constrained to cry out with the poet,

Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
While thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?

I need your kind instruction now, if ever. I think I am willing to leave every thing for God. O that I could recall the past summer!—but it is gone, never to return; and how wonderful is the grace of God, who has called me at an early age of life to reflect upon my lost condition, and to accept of the offered terms of salvation! How great are my obligations to live a holy life. The more the world is shut out of the hearts of believers, the more they are filled with the fulness of God. Blessed exchange!—what tongue can describe the happiness of the saints, when they part with all they have for Christ, and He, their gracious Saviour, takes up his dwelling in their hearts! O! what peace, what love, what a beginning of heaven! But all the enjoyments of Christians in this life, are only a beginning of heavenly happiness.—I have now offered myself to the church of God. I have now let my companions see that I am no longer fighting against God's laws, nor ashamed to own him as my dear Redeemer. O that I may not dishonor the cause of love! In Christ alone will I put my trust, and rely entirely in him for the pardon of my aggravated transgressions. A large number of my companions of both sexes, with whom I have associated, have lately been added to the church, and among the number is Elizabeth. For this year past, there has been more or less added to the Presbyterian Church, at every communion; and some who were formerly gay and thoughtless, are in tears, anxiously inquiring what they shall do to be saved.—Dear Brother, do you show to the world, in your daily walk and conversation, that you are a real follower of Him of whom you profess to be? Yes, my dear Brother, I trust you do. A soul redeemed, demands a life of praise. Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, for his mercy endureth forever. The Bible that I take now for my guide has been entirely neglected, and the vain amusements of the world have entirely engrossed my affections. Novels and romances have engaged my thoughts; and hour after hour—oh yes, I may say month after month—has been sinfully spent in the perusal of them. The company of Christians has been unpleasant, and I have endeavored to shun them, but the voice of conscience would often whisper all is not right. And such has been my awful situation. I lived only to grieve away the Spirit of God, and I am astonished at the long forbearance and sufferings of Jehovah, and how great a God is our God. E. L.

THE TORPEDO, OR ELECTRIC RAY,

Is a very wonderful marine animal, endowed with an electric power, for which it is provided with a natural apparatus. It gives a smart shock to a person who handles it, similar to that produced by the electrical machine. The body of this fish is nearly circular. It is sometimes so large as to weigh between seventy and eighty pounds. The skin is smooth, of a dusky brown color, and white underneath.

The shock imparted by the touch of the cramp-fish, as the torpedo is vulgarly called, is often attended with a sudden sickness at the stomach, a general tremor, a kind of convulsion, and sometimes a total suspension of the faculties of the mind. Such power of self-defence has Providence allowed this animal! Whenever his enemy approaches him, he emits from his body his benumbing charm, which sets the pursuer instantly at rest, and gives the torpedo time to escape. But it is not a means of defence only, as, through it, the torpedo benumbs his prey, and easily seizes upon it.

THE LOCUST.

There are upwards of two hundred species of the locust tribe. The locust of the east is a beautiful and destructive insect, of a red color, variegated with black, and yellow; the wings are marked with different shades of green. These insects are often mentioned in the scriptures, as the frequent instruments of divine indignation. Wo to the husbandmen upon whose lands they alight, the expectations of a year are destroyed in a few minutes by their devastations; meadows, gardens, and corn-fields, are stripped, and a famine frequently ensues.

BARKING OF DOGS.

Dogs in a state of nature never bark; they simply whine, howl and growl; this explosive noise is only found among those who are domesticated. Sonnini speaks of the shepherd's dogs in the wilds of Egypt, as not having this faculty; and Columbus found the dogs, which he had previously carried to America, to have lost their propensity to barking.—*Gardiner's Music of Nature.*

POETRY.



PRAYER.

Ere the morning's busy ray
Call you to your work away;
Ere the silent evening close
Your wearied eyes in sweet repose,
To lift your heart and voice in prayer
Be your first and latest care.

He, to whom the prayer is due,
From Heaven His throne shall smile on you;
Angels sent by Him shall tend
Your daily labour to befriend,
And their nightly vigils keep
To guard you in the hour of sleep.

When through the peaceful parish swells
The music of the Sabbath-bells,
Duly tread the sacred road
Which leads you to the house of God;
The blessing of the Lamb is there,
And "God is in the midst of her."

And oh! where'er your days be past;
And oh! how'er your lot be cast,
Still think on Him whose eye surveys,
Whose hand is over all your ways.

Abroad, at home, in weal or woe,
That service, which to Heaven you owe,
That bounden service duly pay,
And God shall be your strength alway.

He only to the heart can give
Peace and true pleasure while you live;
He only, when you yield your breath,
Can guide you through the vale of death.

He can, he will, from out the dust
Raise the best spirits of the just;
Heal every wound, hush every fear;
From every eye wipe every tear;
And place them where distress is o'er,
And pleasure dwell for evermore.

CRABBE.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

The following beautiful passage is from a sermon preached by Bishop Heber, to his parishioners a short time before his departure from India in 1823.

"Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat, at first, glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and the windings of its glossy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries on and still our hands are empty.

"Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood; and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry which passes before us; we are excited by some short lived success, or depressed and rendered miserable by some equally short lived disappointment. But our energy and our dependence are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs alike are left behind us; we may be shipwrecked, but we cannot anchor; our voyage may be hastened, but it cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home, till the roaring of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of its wave is beneath our keel, and the land lessens from our

eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and the earth loses sight of us, and we take our last leave of earth and its inhabitants, and of our farther voyage there is no witness but the Infinite and Eternity!

"And do we still take so much anxious thought for the future days, when the days which have gone by have so strangely and uniformly deceived us? Can we still so set our hearts on the creatures of God, when we find by sad experience, that the Creator only is permanent? Or shall we not rather lay aside every weight and every sin which does most easily beset us, and think of ourselves henceforth as wayfaring persons only, who have no abiding inheritance but in the hope of a better world, and to whom even that world would be worse than hopeless, if it were not for our Lord Jesus Christ, and the interest which we have obtained in his mercies?"

CRUELTY.—A little Indian girl was once taken very sick, and her mother would not have any medical assistance rendered. She said she wished her child to die, and even endeavored to stop her breath while in the agonies of death. Such instances are not rare among those who have never heard of the gospel of Christ. Children are often hurried out of the world when they are sick and troublesome, by their unnatural parents. And how thankful should you be, little readers, that you are blessed with parents whose kindness is daily manifested to you. When you are sick or have been injured, mark how solicitous they are for your comfort and speedy recovery. No pains are spared to alleviate your distress. But Oh! how different is the situation of those children whose parents have never heard of God. Thousands of them yearly go down to the grave, unhappy victims of heathenish superstition and cruelty. When you contrast your situation with these youth, how thankful should you be to God, that he has given you birth in a Christian country, where pious parents every day watch you with tearful anxiety, and teach you to love and fear the Lord.—*S. S. Instructor.*

AGAINST NICKNAMES.

How I dislike to hear children call their little playmates by a wrong name! It sounds very disagreeable. And children, who are in the habit of nicknaming your companions, do you realize the unhappy feelings you cause them? If you did, I cannot think you would longer continue in the practice. I have known the calling of nicknames to cause quarrels and blows, and stir up hatred in the breast for a long time. I am sure, children, if you thought it would produce these effects, you would no longer be guilty of it. How often you say Bill for William, Jack for John, Hen for Henry, and Dave for David. Now this is a habit of which I wish to break you.

I know you do not think when you speak, nor imagine there is any sin in speaking thus. I do not say there is. But let me ask you, does not James sound better than Jim, especially if James is the name of the individual addressed? Then why not always call a boy by his right name?—*Id.*

HARD SENTENCE.

A cruel fellow, named *Lawrence Leary*, was recently arrested in London, for wrenching out the teeth of a squirrel, with a pair of scissors. He said he had been provoked to the act, in consequence of the squirrel having bitten his finger, and as the animal was his own, he said that the court had no right to punish him. The court nevertheless fined him sixty shillings, and sentenced him to six months imprisonment. The punishment was unnecessarily severe, but cruelty to dumb animals is a crime, which is of too frequent occurrence. How often do we see a person whipping his horse, till the poor animal is almost tortured to madness. And then the excuse for the savage treatment is, "the creature is mine; what right have you to interfere?" As if we were not accountable to our Maker for our wanton abuse of those animals, which he has created for our comfort, and rendered subject to our sway! Early shun the guilt of uselessly given pain to dumb creatures. There is no sight more disagreeable, than that of selfish cruelty in the young.—*Parley's Magazine.*

Noble Conduct.—The State House in Milledgeville, Geo. took fire, but was saved by the great and hazardous exertions of a colored man—a slave. Soon as the fire was over, his liberty was offered him, but he refused to accept it. Doubtless he

would love liberty, but loves the pleasure of "doing good" without pay, still better. There are enough ready to do good, when they think they shall get something by it.



THE REINDEER.

This animal is about three and a half feet high, and five and a half feet in length. The general color is brown, and white under the belly. His horns are long, slender, and branching.

In summer, this animal feeds on various plants, and seeks the highest hills to avoid the gad-fly, which is very tormenting to him. In winter, he lives on moss and lichen, which he digs from the snow. He is common to the northern parts of both the eastern and western continents. In the countries of the former he is used for draught, but in America he has been only regarded as game.

The reindeer constitutes the sole wealth of the Laplanders, and supplies to them the place of the horse, the cow, the sheep, and the goat. Alive and dead, the reindeer is equally subservient to their wants. When he ceases to exist, spoons are made of his bones, glue of his horns, bowstrings and thread of his tendons, clothing of his skin, and his flesh becomes a savoury food.

During his life, his milk is converted into cheese, and he is employed to convey his owner over the snowy wastes of his native country. Such is the swiftness of this race, that two of them, yoked in a sledge, will travel a hundred and twelve English miles in a day.

The sledge is of a curious construction, formed somewhat in the shape of a boat, in which the traveller is tied like a child, and if attempted to be guided by any person unaccustomed to it, would instantly be overset. A Laplander, who is rich, has often more than a thousand reindeer.

DEAF AND DUMB SCHOOL.

In the school for deaf and dumb, at New York city, there are eighty-seven pupils. The following account of *Robert Fulton*, the inventor of Steam-boats, was written by one of the deaf and dumb boys, fourteen years old.

An Account of the Life of Robert Fulton.

Mr. Fulton was born in 1765, at Little Britain, in the state of Pennsylvania. When he was a boy, his parents sent him to a school in Lancaster, to be educated. When he was at the age of seventeen years, he painted portraits and landscapes in the city of Philadelphia. He often went to the shops, and he was engaged in thinking how he could invent, in the hours of recreation. While he was in Philadelphia he became intimate with *Dr. Franklin*. When *Mr. Fulton* was twenty-two years old, he went to England and met *Mr. West*, who was one of the best American painters. *Mr. West* was much pleased to see him, and took him to his home and lived with him for several years. While *Mr. Fulton* was in England, he was engaged in improving canals. In 1797, he went to France and met *Chancellor Livingston*, who was an American. *Mr. Fulton* and *Livingston* conferred together on the possibility of applying steam to propel boats. Then he made a steam boat and put it on the Seine River, in Paris. *Mr. Fulton* made an attempt to succeed in inventing a steam boat. In 1806, he left England and came to America. In 1807, while he was in New York, he made a steam boat and put it on the Hudson River. He went to Albany to confer with the Legislature, who permitted him to make a steam boat, and they were willing to let him continue to work at his business himself for twenty years. But soon some others wished to take the invention of *Mr. Fulton*. He had a lawsuit with them, for they interfered with his patent right. He died in the month of February, 1815.

The following is from the New Haven Herald.

American Generals.—*Washington* was a surveyor, and in after life a farmer. *Knox* was a book-binder and stationer. *Morgan* was a drover. *Greene* was a blacksmith. *Gates*, who opened *Burgoyne's* eye to the fact that he could not "march through the United States with five thousand men," was, after the revolution, a farmer.

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